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SERGEANT HOFF:
AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE
OF PARIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
FRANZ JOHN F. TARRANT.

CONTINUED.

He had assumed the name of Wolf and said that he was a native of Colmar, an independence calculated to fill most people with dread. He offered himself to the prison authorities as a cook, and as he spoke German well, the Prussians accepted his proposition. One of his old comrades who had always accompanied him in his expeditions around Paris, by name Hugues, was his assistant, distributed the soup, cut the meat, and in the performance of these duties, enabled Hoff to obtain all communication with the other prisoners. This lasted nearly a month. Every morning, the German non-commissioned officers came in to partake of a warm soup before the French soldiers received their very ordinary quality. Outside of this they gave themselves no concern about the cook or his assistant, but Hoff in a little while perceived that he was watched, and a bravo Hausvater put him on his guard. Doubtless some imprudent expression that had fallen from his lips in the barracks had awakened suspicion, and besides that the Prussians having read the accounts of a pretended spy in our papers would be hunting for him everywhere. One day while he was in his kitchen, seemingly gazing intently at his fire, and altogether occupied in his business, some one in the door cried out, "Sergeant Hoff!" He pretended not to hear and did not budge. "Sergeant Hoff!" he repeated. It was a German officer who had recourse to this stratagem to make him discover himself. A little disconcerted at first, the officer approached him and tapping him lightly on the shoulder, said: "You are Sergeant Hoff?" "If you are mistaken," replied the old soldier quickly, and turning around with an astonished air, "my name is Wolf, and I am from Colmar"—and forthwith began to relate the history of his life. The German shrugged his shoulders, gave a mischievous smile and without another word caused Hoff to be carried to the dungeon.

The question is, why should there be so much severity in his case and how could he explain this spirit of retaliation upon a vanquished foe? According to the statements of other prisoners who were confined in the different camps of Germany, and who probably received themselves the proclamation, a reward of several thousand thalers had been offered for his head. He was accused of making war in an illegal manner, not like a soldier, but like an assassin. If such be the fact, what ought we to think of those Bavarians, who, in the morning of the affair at Villiers, raised the white flag as if they wished to surrender, and when our men approached them, entirely decimated them with grape shot? What ought we to think of those who, at the base of the plateau of Avron, arranged in two opposing lines the better to deceive our *Mobles*, fired point blank at each other and feigned an engagement between the Prussians and French? When they saw their opportunity they turned and all fired in one direction. These are after all allowable means and will not be indignant about them. Whenever war is allowed, it must be allowed in all its horrors, and as the result of a bitter hatred and a desire to kill. For a time our enemies were reasonable, but afterwards they had the bad grace, while pretending not to be scrupulous themselves, to demand of us that generosity and magnanimity of action which they never practiced. However, Hoff passed three entire days in the cloister of Collogne, imprisoned in a cell six by four feet, fed upon bread and water, without even being allowed a change of linen. He was persistently interrogated, but he was obstinate in giving no account of himself. Then it was a letter came from him to the Grimpat Camp. He himself had, about the first of December, written a brief letter to his parents, at the close of which he merely said, "I am charged, and signed it Hoff. Madras like all true soldiers understood his meaning and resisted by addressing the name signed. Thus the Prussians were thrown off the track. Yet they came him to appear before a council of war and even interrogated his companions at different times, but all were unanimous in declaring that his name was Wolf, and that he was from Colmar. There was no other course left to release him and he returned to the barracks.

prisoners were about to return to France. Having nothing more to fear hereafter, Hoff beheld with a keen pleasure the little red ribbon attached to his cap. The German officers merely glanced down the line of returning prisoners and passed on. The camps of the North were already evacuated. Hoff again saw his young brother, who, a *chasseur a pied* in the army of Metz, was returning from Konigsberg where he had been quartered. From him he learned that their old father was still alive, but that another brother, also of the army of Metz, had fallen at Gravelotte. The first troubles at Paris, the proclamation of *The Commune*, the species pretext under which the Prussians stopped all at once the return of our prisoners, all this transpired in one month. When at last the order of departure did come, Hoff succeeded in being placed in the first convoy, but in what a humiliating condition he found himself! Civil war had troubled Colmar upon the heels of foreign war. Around Colmar, where the train stopped, Gen. Clinchamps specifically formed a *corps d'armee* out of the returning prisoners, with the intention of marching on Paris. The new conscripts were enrolled in provisional regiments. Three days afterwards they set out for Versailles.

Simple and rude nature are sometimes endowed with an exquisite sensibility and a delicacy of heart, for they may seek in vain among men of the higher walks of society. At sight of the calamities of his country, poor Hoff was seized with despair. Life was now nothing to him, since his country seemed lost, since his zeal for her had proved useless, and since now he could no longer fight the Prussians. At length he was in front of Iwy. He had resolved to die, but no opportunity presented itself. On the tops of the forts and ramparts the Confederates were making more noise than they were effecting good, and were wasting their powder. In Paris, however, the contest became more serious. Every position, every corner of the street, was defended foot by foot, and the insurgents, seeing themselves lost, resorted to fire in despair. In the Rue Lisbonne, near St. Lazare depot, Hoff boldly dashed forward to attack a barricade. Alone he moved in front, fully exposed to the view of the enemy, encouraging his men and seeking death. He did not find it, but he received a bullet—a French bullet—which broke his left arm. The wound was severe. He was first carried to the Bonjou hospital, and afterwards carried there, with other wounded, to Arras, where he passed more than a month as a convalescent.

When he returned, scarcely recovered, and with his arm still in a sling, he hurried to the offices of the different newspapers who had disseminated the calumny of which he had already spoken. A few well-known persons accompanied him, besides those, his wound itself spoke volumes for him. He was received by the different publishers with the greatest courtesy; they avowed no evil intention; they cast all the blame upon reporters hard up for something to write, upon the disposition of the public mind to imagine spies everywhere, and of the epidemics of the siege. They promised him the most unmistakable reparation, and that very day, in the evening papers appeared several articles which rendered ample justice to the courage and honor of the brave Sergeant. He, naturally of a forgiving disposition, was satisfied. Unfortunately, at this time, all minds were distracted by the terrible events of which France had just been the theatre. Paris was almost deserted. Many who, while in the city, had read of the traitorous conduct of Hoff, now that they were out in the provinces, knew nothing of the proofs denying the calumny. Wherever those proofs were not known, he ceased to be an object of admiration. We do not much like to recognize superiority which vexes us, and in order to have the right of ingratitude, we even deny the services rendered. For a long time people would not be undeceived. How often, when in company with the Sergeant, and when, by chance, I would mention his name, I could see some one turn with a contemptuous look and hear him say, "Ah! the spy!" The poor soldier would say nothing, but would bow his head under the weight of this undeserved shame, and his face would wear an expression of sadness.

In a few days Sergeant Hoff will have left the service. Maimed as he is, deprived of his left arm, he will not know how to make his living. What will become of him? The place of keeper of one of the public squares of Paris has been asked for him, and the old man *Auster* will hereafter take care of children and flowers. After what he has done, perhaps he deserves much better. It is not that he demands anything. Simple and modest, he has never thought of deriving vanity or gain from his exploits, and this very disinterestedness is his best title to all that can be bestowed upon him. Some time after, *The Commune*, a superior officer in the foreign army called for Hoff, and in the presence of the Council, offered him a captain's commission. Hoff refused. He simply

said: "I have not served and I never will serve any other than my own country!" The officer completely understood the tone with which this reply was made, and he pressed the subject no farther, but he warmly grasped Hoff by the hand.

This is Hoff's idea. His three brothers have chosen the French nationality, and are now working here. At some future day all will be soldiers, for he himself, in spite of his wounds, can yet handle a gun. Down yonder in the country are his old father and mother, living alone, but still brave, determined to hold to the last little piece of ground where their children were born. So long as Alsace will remain Prussian, so long as by right of conquest foreign *refugees* will make our laws for us, Hoff knows he must not seek to embrace his parents. This imprudence would cost him his liberty, and perhaps his life.

And yet, looking forward with a lively hope, he counts upon seeing them some day. He will bide his time at the Vosges and Sarre, and Strasbourg, and the old Rhine which they have made all German.

It is an illusion, I would not drive it away from his mind.

THE END.

THE STUBBINS REUNION.

A Glorious Gathering and a Happy Time.

We recently had the pleasure of being at the annual reunion of this numerous and interesting family. The whole affair was rehearsed, and marked by brilliant and imposing incidents. The auspicious event took place in the Stubbins' family mansion, a modest, unpretending two room log house, with a spacious hall, dirt floor, and a board roof, occupying a gentle eminence, crowned with a picturesque grove of briars and huckleberries, and overlooking the placid, soft-flowing and romantic State.

Thither trooped the whole tribe of Stubbins—some on foot, some on mules and some in open cars with paw-paw harness. The front yard brilliantly illuminated with a huge lamp set on the top of a small chicken-coop. A many old dog with a melancholy countenance, split ears and a stubbed tail sat on a pine puncheon and howled a dolorous welcome.

High among the throng beamed the benignant countenance of the patriarch of the whole tribe, Epimondas Miltides Stubbins, glorified with a mulberry nose and lips and chin stained with "long green," of which he is a passionate lover and inveterate nectar. He was gorgeously arrayed for the occasion in one yard suspender holding up a pair of tow-line trousers skewed behind with a black-thorn pin. Under the mellow light of two candles home dipped, his laid head gleamed like the head light on an express train. With two gills of new whiskey under his red flannel shirt, his whole countenance shone with the fierce splendor of a cat's eye on a house-top.

Close by his side, in the midst of the happy family group, nestled Decora Elizabeth Stubbins, the partner of all his sorrows and the cause of all his woes for half a century, with her German silver spectacles on her dismal pug nose and two weeks' rheumatism in her left hip. She wore a new frilled cap and a pair of number ten brogans with hob-nailed. Her face also beamed with goodness, and the pleasing roundness of her stomach, swelling forward like the ptericoid sides of an emigrant's valise, was delightful to behold.

We cannot describe in detail the sons and daughters of this interesting couple, come to take a whisky 'traut and munch a corn-dog, under the paternal roof-tree. Cornelius Nepo Pomposus Stubbins, the first-born, the *Meskin* of the family was there. He took "sugar in his," and when he bowed his fingers it tooted like a tin dinner-horn.

Nor can we refrain from naming the charming wife of Julius Cato Stubbins, who toed in as she walked, like a setting goose going to water, and had large square, white teeth, so that when she opened her mouth to laugh it looked like a line-covered hand truck filled with diminutive tomatoes. She wore a check apron.

George Washington Stubbins, the lucky seventh son, wore a green bottle-like shade over his left eye, and had his boots boxed. His lovely wife appeared in a pair of brass ear-rings, with filled pants of best quality of brown cotton.

The antics of the multitude of the young Stubbins baffled description. He fore the bog and hominy upon the festal board, Timothy Tittlebat Stubbins split his new trousers from hilt to point, and was carried to the rear in signal disgrace. He was reaching frantically for a slice of cold turnip on the top shelf of the kitchen safe, the shelves could not stand, and hence the catastrophe. Titus Sempronius Stubbins, a very promising lad with a lightning red head and a freckled face, broke into the skillet in the kitchen, ate two pounds of sizzlin' dodger, and having had the tendency to wash it down with water, was laid upon

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FROM WAYNE COUNTY.

A pallet, in great agony, being swelled up like a stuffed hog. His cousin, Policie, Cicero Perkins, ate four yards of stuffed sausage, and disdaining to retire from the field, vomited majestically and with great precision upon his mother's Dolly Varden, and blew his nose into his venerable grandmother's skull box. "Pater Parley Stubbins, in an ambitious endeavor to 'skin the cat' on the burn-dasher, fell and cut his leg on the foot aid. The youngest son of America, Vespucci Stubbins, furtively got hold of a dried apple, and for three hours enjoyed an exquisite, but air-tight colic, and no relief was found until a box of Wills Worm Candy appeared on the scene. Before supper, Melissa Almira Stubbins, the youngest daughter of the house of Stubbins, upset the tea kettle upon her foot and burnt a blister as large as the centre-piece on a new bed quilt. During the course of the evening, Thomas Quintus Stubbins signalled his disapproval by swallowing his grandmother's pipe-stem, and sticking his thumb into one of his Aunt Sophia Melinda's cross-eyes. He took a swallow of paragonic, and was carried mounfully and in silence to his little bed in the loft. The table groaned under middling, hattermilk and ash-cake, with a basis of white butter that looked like the froth on a storm-fretted sea. A home-made cheese artistically embellished with fly specks, and a can of molasses seasoned with flies, supplemented the feast.

The immediate occasion of this reunion was the sudden appearance of Andrew Jackson Stubbins, who was supposed to be dead. He was routed about on a Mayville and Lexington freight train, in business, and in the day of his misfortune, struck a bee-line for the paternal mansion and hung his old wool hat on the gunrack above the fire-place. The aged Stubbins took advantage of this gathering, and distributed to each of his children and son-in-law a pint of sordid corn whisky, his blessing, and a lecture on content; and the hearts of the grateful doves heaved and swelled like the flanks of fat horses.

We are sorry to add that none of this multitudinous tribe belong to the church, nor patronize the Sunday-school. The seventh son addressed once swore the ties of an ex-oar, on a down grade. He could be called a profane gradin. No circuit rider ever ventured to crunch a corn-cake and strip a chicken-leg under their Godless roof.

May the Stubbins become converted and their tribe increase.

A Touching Incident.
From the Christiana Journal.
A short time since, in this city, a brilliant and much admired lady, who had been suffering for some time with a trouble of the eyes, was led to fear a speedy change for the worse, and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal falling in the optic nerve and the information was imparted as gently as possible, that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. The mother returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and then had her two little children attired in their brightest and sweetest costumes, brought before her; and so, with their little faces lifted toward, and tears gathering for some great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes, leaving lifeless pictures of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of bright faces that will console her in many a dark hour.

On Mules.
The Cincinnati Gazette's Lexington correspondent relates this little story about the fair correspondent of the New York Tribune, who reported the races last week:

There is quite a joke told on the Tribune correspondent. She went to visit a number of the racing stables around Lexington, and at the house of a certain gentleman was told of a mule's having adopted a young colt. "Oh, well," she said, "that's quite natural." It was only the natural instinct of the mule. "You forget," said another lady correspondent, "correcting her, 'Mules never have but one ear'." Well, you can imagine the fun the boys had over this when nobody was around.

An Indiana farmer don't pay any toll on the plank-road. He shoots the gate-keeper and jogs right along. They have tried him twice, but he gets clear, since one of his wife's aunts used to not "lighten like."

THE NEAMATRESS.
BY M. LUCIA CHITWOOD.
A dirge, and an open grave,
A coffin upon the bier;
Then the clay fell over the care-worn breast,
And a form went down to its place of rest,
Like a weary bird in her evening nest
In the tall trees waving near.

She had struggled long with life,
Long with her weight of woe,
Till her eyes were dim with their flood of tears,
Till her breast was sick with its hopes and fears;
She had struggled on through weary years,
Till the sands of life were low.

With her rounded cheek grew pale,
With her weary, untold lot;
No friends were near, with their fond cares,
To speak kind words, in soothing tones;
But she struggled on in her loneliness,
Unaided and forgot.

Like a festered bird long caged,
Which in a long release,
Hissed out her wrath from its cage of clay
Into the fields of night and day,
Where her spirit knows no more decay,
But all shall whisper peace.

They have placed her in the tomb;
None shed a sobbing tear;
The night shall come, the morning dawn
For long, long years, yet the spirit goes,
No more shall suffer here.

APPLE PIE.
Some fellow, who has oversteered his digestive faculties, discourses as follows on apple pie:
I loath, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried apple pie!
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or something that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried apple pie.

The farmer takes his garden fruit,
Wormy, bitter and hard to boot,
They leave the bulls to make as cough,
And don't take half the peeling off,
Then on a dirty string 'tis strung,
To form a roost for ants and flies,
Until its ready to make pie.

Trust on my corn, or tell me lies,
But pass me your apple pie!

WINTER EVENINGS WITH THE IMMORTAL BARD.
BY ZEPHYRUS NEEB.
NUMBER I.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

This play embodies the dramatic conception of unmarred love, acting upon the impulsive and impetuous natures generated by a Southern climate, its operation hastened by the civil commotions of the times, and finally involving a tragical conclusion. The first scene opens with a fight in the streets of Verona between retainers of the two rival houses mentioned in the prologue, seconded by members of each family, and finally quelled by the presence of the Prince. This part of the scene seems to be necessary to the banishment of Romeo which occurs about the middle of the play, as the Prince now threatens severe punishment to the next breakers of the peace, and afterwards it was Romeo's fate to be involved in the first outbreak which occurred. Near the end of the scene, we are presented with Romeo in love with Rosaline, and are made acquainted with her coldness towards him, and her resolution to remain unmarried.

Minds. We have seen them, we have heard them, and in Shakespeare, nothing more is required to know them. Old Capulet and Montague are haughty, but hospitable aristocrats who hate each other, and their retainers partake of the spirit. Their wives occupy small spaces in the play, especially Lady Montague. Lady Capulet's especial mission seems to be to express the wishes of her lord to Juliet in regard to her marriage with Paris. Tybalt is hasty and ferocious; Paris has no particular points in his character, except his love for Juliet, and as this is all he has to do, he does it with all his might; Escalus is a just prince, yet inclined to mercy, the nurse is garrulous and meddlesome, keeping in constant exercise the immemorial privilege of old family servants—that of impudence.—She is rather lax in some moral points, as well as loose in her language, and to her influence are to be attributed some defects in the character of Juliet.

There are the characters grouped around Romeo and Juliet, the principal actors, who occupy the foreground. Romeo is a young nobleman of the house of Montague, gentle, retiring, brave, and, we think, somewhat susceptible. Juliet, of the family of the Capulets, is naturally a noble, pure-minded, impulsive maiden. There are words put into her mouth in the play, which would startle as if heard from a modern young lady; but these may easily be accounted for by her constant association with the nurse, and by the different manners and sentiments of those times. The effect of love upon her and Romeo seems to be the same; it arouses them, brings them forward, and henceforth they are the principal characters.

It is unnecessary to go through the whole play as we have done through the first act. One thing worth noticing in it is the relation which every scene has to the main plot; nothing is lost; no words are thrown away. The action progresses from the beginning. To trace these relations through the play would be tedious and entirely unnecessary. The first scene, which we noticed, will serve as a specimen of the manner in which the play is connected.

Spinal Meningitis.
Cerebro-spinal meningitis, sometimes called spotted fever, is at present prevalent over a large extent of country; worse in some localities than others. As a large proportion of those who are taken with it die, it creates a great deal of anxiety and alarm. The disease has been known for a number of years, yet its character seems not to be very well understood, nor are any very effectual remedies known. It seems to be most prevalent in the latter part of winter and early spring; also, it seems to be more prevalent after severe winters. Probably extreme changes of temperature have much to do with its development. When it prevails in a severe form, a majority of the cases prove fatal, and those who recover, frequently suffer some loss or impairment of faculties, as hearing, vision, etc. Children and youth seem to be most susceptible to it.

The disease this year seems to be mild in its form in most localities, and very many recover. It is important to observe regular habits, live temperately, dress warm, and avoid as much as possible exposure to night air, wet and cold. The symptoms vary greatly in different cases. It sometimes sets in with a chill; often with pains, more or less severe, in the side, stomach, head or back. The bowels are generally constipated from the first. In the way of treatment, it is important to open the bowels and to excite perspiration. Warm baths, as warm as can be well borne, have been used with good effect. In Michigan, a favorite remedy was to be a cold water hemlock sweat. This is created by pouring boiling hot steam on hemlock boughs and sitting in the water of it, enveloped in a blanket. A piece of folded flannel, saturated with spirits of turpentine, applied to the whole length of the spine, and ironed with a hot smoothing iron, is a remedy which has been highly esteemed.

Internally, the bromide of potassium has been thought most highly of, probably, of any remedy. In some cases, quinine may probably be used with benefit; also, salines, as hyposulphate, or some form of opium. But for the use of all such remedies; especially, the skillful physician must be relied upon entirely.

Colorado Potato Bug.
The potato bug has already commenced its work of destruction in this locality. These bugs are voracious and prolific to an astonishing degree, and unless something is done to get rid of them the ruin of potatoes will prove a very uncertain business. The surest, perhaps, the only certain way of treatment is to slaughter them. To do this effectually the work should be done at an hour in the morning, when with puddles of dew and fog, taking care that the bug does not come in contact with the bare hand, for in that case a blister, will be the result. If you don't kill the bug the bug will most certainly kill the potatoes.

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